

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

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ANOTHER WONDER AT WORK.

The world now has benefit of another wonder across the middle seas. It is not that a faster steamship has appeared among the flocks of the deep, though since we mentioned the matter a month ago, the Lusitania has broken her own record, and all the records of the seas, by crossing the Atlantic in less than five days, or to be exact, in four days, nineteen hours, and fifty-two minutes. But the new wonder is not that the path between the Old World and the New has been thus shortened; it has been shortened in another way. The ocean has been bridged by wireless telegraphy so that even the poor now have the price of communication over the separating seas. This does not mean that the first wireless message has just been sent across the sea. That was sent by Marconi in 1903, seven years after he had declared to a skeptical world that he intended to do it. He startled the world by keeping his promise. Since then his system has become a part of oceanic navigation; but not until last Thursday had it been developed into a commercial system of inter-continental communication. On that day, October 17, 1907, the Marconi wireless service between the Old World and the New was opened and 10,000 words transmitted. The first westward wireless press message was received on that date by the New York Times from Privy Councilor Lord Avebury, formerly Sir John Lubbock, in London.

Thus does the world have benefit of inter-communication over as well as under the sea. The latter was begun forty-nine years ago, and brought to greater perfection eight years later in 1866. At that time the rate across the sea was \$5 a word. The Marconi system puts the rate as low as five cents a word, and thus are even the poor of all the world brought nearer together. You just leave your message at your nearest telegraph office as usual and it is sent to the Marconi station in Nova Scotia over the usual land wires; there it is taken up and through the trackless air it is sent flying inerrantly to its destination on the other side of the sea. Indeed, what hath God wrought?

RISING TIDE OF PUBLIC REVENUES.

Tax-gathering time is here again, and one of the striking things about it is the big number of items in the papers from all directions telling about the increase of revenues. One town gets \$10,000 in taxes more than last year, another \$20,000. One county's tax income is increased by the extra revenue derived from an increase of \$1,500,000 in property valuations; another has a property increase of \$2,000,000 to yield extra taxes, and so it goes. These are but single items; similar conditions are almost universal in The Progressive Farmer's territory. This increased revenue comes well-nigh without exception from increased valuations of property; in no case do we recall an increase in the tax rate unless for some special purpose voted on by the tax-payers. We mention these things only to make the point that it is the best time in the world for public servants to practice prudence and economy in administering public affairs. The time to save money is when you have it, not when your pocket and your treasury are empty. Thrift is a fine horse to ride, but frugal thrift is a better one, has better wind and stronger legs, will go further and last longer. Wise and prudent public officers have now a golden opportunity to serve their people well.

And the people, too, should demand now more permanent improvements—and especially larger sums for building better highways.

NOT FORGETTING YOUR TREES.

You've been thinking a good deal about field selection of corn and cotton, but what about the trees? You will want to plant some this fall—shade trees, perhaps, and fruit trees. Remember what Mrs. Grimes suggested about transferring native trees and vines from the woods and fields to the home grounds? They will do much to make the farm home beautiful, if it is not already so.

Before the leaves fall, select your shade trees in the woods near by. Oh, it will be a fine October stroll you'll have, too. You will select a tree of good size, so you will not have to wait for it to grow. See that it has a thick crown of foliage and that the leaves hang on late. Another thing: avoid bringing into your home grounds the kinds of trees that have fuzz on the underside of the leaves to make convenient nesting and breeding places for gnat-like pests of various kinds. And in selecting your fruit trees and flowers and vines, get the larger sizes and take unusual care to make them live. They cost a little more than the younger specimens, but by the extra outlay of five cents or twenty-five cents per plant you may gain a whole year, or two years, of roses and fine fruit.

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL.

John Charles McNeill is dead.

It is hard to write the words. It is hard not to write them half-rebelliously against the cruelty of the iron-hearted fate that took him just as his genius was coming into flower and his own dreams, and the long dreams of his gray-haired father for him, were coming into glorious realization. When a man has done his work, it may even then be hard to die; but when all one's days are before him, and all the promise and richness of a splendid genius ripening into fruitage, the pity of it cannot be told in words.

And so he is dead, the big-hearted, human, lovable North Carolina country-bred boy gifted as few in our generation have been—he who knew the common things of our farms and fields and forests, and sang about them; he whose sensitive nature could divine the tenderest feelings of "the little white bride"; could laugh with barefoot boys on Lumber River; could tongue love's sweetest dreams in such poems as "Oh, Ask Me Not"; could look straight to God in Christmas and Easter hymns; could feel the tragic barrenness in the life of "The Drudge"; whose heart beat with pity even for the outcast woman; who lived so near to Nature that the mood of every season found magical expression in his fancy; and who also felt, as we feel now, the hopeless mystery of untimely death and expressed it in words of matchless beauty in his tribute "To Melvin Gardner."

It has been but a month since the write saw McNeill—but a month since we talked and laughed together and planned even then not unhopefully for future years. He had long been our friend and a friend of The Progressive Farmer's. Some of his finest prose articles were written for our paper—the very first, in fact, to bring him into State-wide prominence as a writer—and through our columns Progressive Farmer readers are also familiar with many of his poems.

And now he is dead—Lycidas-like, "dead ere his prime and hath not left his peer"—but death brings him the peace and sleep that life of late denied him. He loved the autumn-time—"the fall is the only season," he said to us a month ago; and when last week they laid down his weary body in the old churchyard in Scotland County, the closing lines of his own beautiful "October," written in praise of his favorite month, must have come to the minds of more than one friend as if they had been written in presentiment of his own passing from us:

And if, mayhap, a wandering child of thee,
Weary of land and sea,
Should turn him homeward from his dreamer's
quest

To sob upon thy breast,

Thine arm would fold him tenderly to prove
How thine eyes brimmed with love,
And thy dear hand, with all a mother's care,
Would rest upon his hair.

OUR GREAT OCTOBER OFFER—READ THE CONDITIONS AND SEND US A CLUB.

I.

To any man not now a subscriber we will send The Progressive Farmer every week from now till January 1, 1908, for 15 cents,—and stop the paper promptly then if the paper is not renewed.

II.

For every new trial 15-cent subscriber you send us we will credit you a month on your subscription twelve new trial subscribers will renew you for a year free of cost, six for six months, three trial subscribers credit you three months on label, etc., etc.

III.

And finally, in addition to this, we are going to give a prize of \$1 every day during the month of October to the man or woman, boy or girl, who sends us the largest list of 15-cent subscribers that day—whether the number sent be three or three dozen.

IF YOU WISH TO BUY ANYTHING.

A great many of our readers write us in regard to buying anything needed for farm and home, and it is always a pleasure to answer such inquiries. The reader should, of course, always first look through our advertising columns; if they cannot help him, write direct to us.

This then, in brief, is a good rule to follow:

If you wish to buy anything, look first in The Progressive Farmer advertisements; if you do not find it advertised, write direct to The Progressive Farmer office.

It will at all times be a pleasure for us to help you.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING.

"No man in North Carolina has done more for the prosperity of the State than "Uncle Jo," said Mr. C. C. Moore in conversation with us the other day. "He has set people to growing chickens everywhere and you hear him quoted everywhere The Progressive Farmer is read."

A big tobacco manufacturer of Winston-Salem, who owns a first-class farm, was commenting the other day on the improvements in agriculture since his boyhood. "Most notable of all, of course," he said, "is the improvement in farm machinery and implements of culture. With these I can now pay hands \$1.25 a day and make corn more cheaply than we could do twenty years ago with day labor at thirty cents and forty cents."

"I didn't see a weed nor a gully anywhere in England," said Mr. C. S. Wooten who is just back from a trip abroad, and who called at The Progressive Farmer office last week. And Mr. Wooten told other interesting things about European agriculture, some of which will be mentioned in a later issue. "The Progressive Farmer," he says, "is an education for any farmer who will read it carefully—yes, it will literally make an educated man of him."

FARMERS INVESTING IN COTTON MILLS.

There are a number of the more progressive farmers in the county now who own stock in banking and cotton mill corporations and are letting their money work for them, and it is bringing them all the way from 10 to 35 per cent on the investment. If more of our farmers will get cured of "land fever" and invest their surplus in industrial enterprises, they will realize better results and at the same time contribute to the development of our resources and to the permanent prosperity of the section in which they live.—Our Home, Marshville, N. C.

A THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK.

Let a man believe in God, and not in names and places and persons. Let the great soul incarnated in some woman's form, poor and sad and single, in some Dolly or Joan, go out to service and sweep chambers and scour floors, and its effulgent day-beams cannot be muffled or hid, but to sweep and scour will instantly appear supreme and beautiful actions.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.